

This Leaflet is published under the auspices of
the Cwmparc "Bombed Area" Distress Fund
Committee, and takes the form of an

In Memoriam

Tribute to our Fellow-Villagers who
fell victims to the murderous fury of
Nazi war-planes on the night and
morning of April 29/30th, 1941.

The death roll cast an entire community into mourning, and the names of the "gangsters" who instigated their slaughter will soil the pages of history to the end of Time.

Following are the names of the "loved ones" the village lost :

David Middleton Jones. A Deacon of Salem, elderly and deeply religious. He was of a simple and trustful nature, with the innocent heart of a child. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

George Watkins. A revered grandfather, whose earthly pilgrimage was nearing its end. His years had been unhurried and pacific. Violence overtook him almost within sight of the Promised Land.

Annie Mary Williams (his daughter). A widow, serene in her daily comings and goings. She died standing erect and knee deep in debris holding a dead evacuee child in her arms, and smiling like a guardian angel.

Sadie Jones. A charming maiden with the sweetest of dispositions, the graces of womanhood beckoned her a little way off, and wedding bells should have pealed for her at Whitsuntide. Instead, she passed through the horrors of Hell to find the Gates of Heaven wide open.

Cissie Williams (two years before she was Cissie Pearce). Young, married, and radiantly happy. Her bouyant step, her sprightly carriage, her glowing countenance, made sunshine in the streets. And she had arrived, proudly for the second time, at the portals of woman's sacred temple of Motherhood.

Tom Williams. Typical middle aged collier, always bluff, hearty and jocular. A little worldly of outlook, but with a heart of gold.

W. D. Evans. Another miner, quiet and reserved of manner, but observant and of a philosophical bent of mind. He will for a long time be affectionately remembered as "Will Dai."

Charlie Hawkins. Pit-messenger, and the Mark Tapley of the Village. A creature of quip and jest, puckish in his activities, and known and loved by all. He died as he had lived, giving service to others.

Stanley Higgs. In the prime of life—fine manly and upstanding. A Special Constable—he made the "grand sacrifice" making safe his loved ones.

David T. Pearce. A miner, with a whimsical sense of humour, whose drolleries made him always "a good companion". Served in the last Great War and survived its perils. Once again in the "front line", he died like a true soldier, cheerfully encouraging his comrades "under fire".

Margaret Coughlin. A woman evacuee from Cardiff, but Cwmparc born and bred. Paying a social visit to her aunt, she was enjoying an evening's hospitality. But Death struck cruelly from the skies, and her place will know her no more.

Tom Hughes. Elderly and a considerable roamer in his time. Not long since returned to his native village. "Twm" had a quaint nickname, but it was used in a sense that was more affectionate than disparaging.

David J. Jones. A bachelor of staid and sober habits. Inoffensive and very unassuming in his demeanour, he was the first victim of the Night of Terror.

Annie Pearce. A widow comparatively young in years, but a fond mother who valiantly overrode circumstances to rear proudly sons and daughters. Motherhood to her was a sacred shrine.

Robert Pearce (her elder son—Bobby to his friends). Virile and youthful, with the years lying ahead a glowing prospect. His last thought was for his mother.

Maude Stuckey. A widow very domesticated and happy in keeping house for her bachelor son. She was of gracious presence, and her warm nature radiated sympathy.

Margaret Ferguson. Housewife—industrious and thrifty, and absorbed in the cares of bringing up a growing family. Her husband, Mr. Charlie Ferguson, hard working miner (two of his children were seriously injured), is a tragic figure in these heavy days.

Laura Pearce Jones. Fragile as a flower, for many years happily married to Mr. Dicky Jones ("Dicky" in happy years that seemed long ago, was a famous footballer and the idol of village "soccer" fans). Cruel fate that so ruthlessly parted a devoted twain !

THE INNOCENTS MASSACRED.

Home Children.

Gethin Williams, schoolboy-son of Tom Williams.

John D. Williams, baby son of "Cissie". Arthur the father was seriously injured, but is now out of hospital.

Evacuees.

John Derek Bonner—sunny dispositioned small boy, staying with Mrs. Stuckey, his grandmother.

Joan Jameson—a winsome maid from London Town, who died in Mrs. Williams' arms.

Arthur and George Jameson—brothers of Joan, who had been "adopted" for the duration by Tom Williams.

VICTIMS WHO CAME TO HELP FROM OUTSIDE THE DISTRICT.

Nurse Elizabeth A. Jones, "Fochriw" from Treorchy. In her role of "Angel of Mercy" she braved unknown terrors, and joined the noble army of martyrs who have suffered death gladly for humanity's sake.

George Davies. Police War Reserve from Llwynypia. He recked not of danger but inspired by the call of duty, laid down his life, seeking to succour others.

Ivor Wright. Home Guard from Treorchy. First local fatal casualty in the ranks of our glorious "new" army. He challenged the menace from the skies with an impetuous gesture that was grandly defiant and his is the first name on the illustrious roll of heroic dead yet to be.

They sleep in peace who knew a world at war,
Their life-light quenched in horrors born of hell,
But 'scaped their souls to realms serene and far,
To find "eternal" mansions—there to dwell !

H. G. P.

“ Wedi'r wylo, daw'r heulwen
Wedi'r nos daw'r wawr i nen.”

Y GWASANAETH COFFA (The Memorial Service).

Nid ar chware bach yr anghofiwn y prynhawn Llun cyntaf o fis Mai, 1941 Dydd gŵyl a miri, dydd cymanfa ac eisteddfod a fuasai ar hyd y blynyddoedd-dydd llawen chwedl y werin. Nid oedd felly o bell ffordd eleni. Yn sydyn ac yn annisgwyl, bu'n rhaid i drigolion diddan y dreflan ar y bryn ymwisgo mewn brethyn du, a'u croes yn faich ar eu hysgwydd ac yn glwyf ar eu hysbryd.

Yr oedd y strydoedd yn drwch gan y fintai fawr a gyrchai tua Chapel Salem i'r gwasanaeth coffa, a chan y rheini a ddeuent o bell ac agos, i weld yr angladd, a gobeithio i gydymdeimlo hefyd. Syllwch arnynt yn cerdded yn drwm eu sang ac yn brin eu geiriau—bonheddig a gwreng, meistr a gwas, 'heb neb yn tynnu'n groes'. Ant yno ysgwydd wrth ysgwydd, a chalon wrth galon Er bod aml i graith ar wyneb y capel, yr oedd mewn gwirionedd y prynhawn hwn yn 'dy i Dduw ac yn borth y nefoedd'.

Agorwyd y gwasanaeth trwy weddi fer gan y llywydd, Y Parch W. Lliedi Williams, M.A., Oni theimlem bawb ohonom oedd yno, 'Pwy sydd ddigonol i'r pethau hyn'. Dichon er hynny mai hon oedd un o'n horiau dwysaf ni—awr gwendid a thristwch; awr cas a gorfoledd. Ymdeimlem â gwendid gan gymaint ein lludded; tristaem gan hiraeth colli aml i wyneb mwyn a garem yn fawr; casaem heb ddigter yr ynydrwydd creulon a fu'n achos ein dyfod yno; a gorfoleddem wrth yfed ohonom o ffrydiau grisial y digonedd dwyfol. Gwyddem yn gwbl sicr yn ein hysbryd fod Yr Arglwydd ei hun yno gyda ni—yn wylo ac yn cysuro; yn glwyfus ac eto'n iachau. Darllennwyd rhannau pwrpasol o'r Ysgrhythur gan y Parch Dewi Griffiths, B.D., a chan y Parch Isaac Thomas, B.A., B.D., Treorci. Gweddiwyd gyda thynnerwch dwys ac addfed gan y Parch Howell Davies. Canwyd yn ystod y gwasanaeth yr emyndonau poblogaidd: Sandon, Crugybar, ac Aberystwyth, a phwy all ganu'n hafal i 'wyr y mynydde! Pwy na thystia nad engyl gwynion oedd yr emyndonau hyn, yn cludo balm a chysur ar eu hadenydd chwim. Gwasnaethwyd wrth yr organ gan Mr. Mervyn Price, a chafwyd cynhorthwy parod Band y Parc a'r Dar, a arweiniwyd gan Mr. Haydn Bebb. Yr oedd yr holl ganu yng ngofal Mr. James James F.T.S.C. Ni chai neb o du'r ddaear lefaru yn y cwrdd hwn. Nid oedd namyn yn yn addas. Gwelsom Ef yno a theimlasom afael hudol ei ddwylo cynnes arnom:

Gwelais yno Dduw sy'n myned,
Gyda'i blant trwy'r ing i gyd;
Gwelais Grist ar bob Calfaria
Ac anghofiais fy amheuan
Yn dioddef dros y byd.
Wedi gweld ei Glwyfau Ef,
Gweled croes ynghalon Duwdod
Mor ofnadwy oedd y lle.

Bwried yr Arglwydd fantell ddiddos ei ddiandanwch dros yr holl alarwyr yn nydd y 'cystudd mawr.

Gŵan dy holl epil a'r gynau, a'r bom maluria di'r byd,
Poera dan o bob peiriant, a fflam a phlwm o bob fflyd,
Diwreiddia di dy wareiddiad, a phan fo'r ddaear fel braenar briw
Down a haul o'r byd anweledig, down a'r gwanwyn o ddwylo Duw.